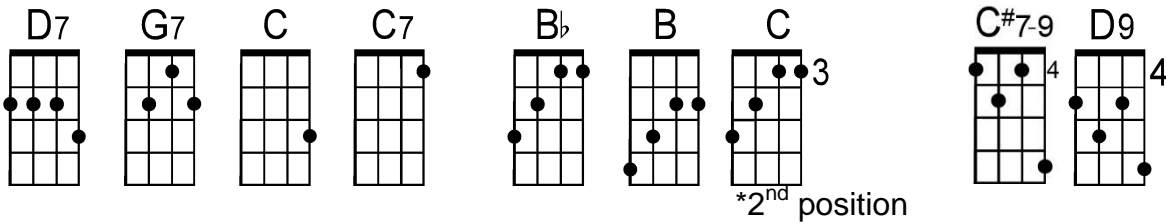


# Noho Pai Pai (key of C)

John Almeida



Intro: **D7 . G7 . C . . . D7 . G7 . C . . . D7 . G7 . C . Bb\ B\ C\***

(optional intro): **D9 . C#7+9 . C . . . D9 . C#7+9 . C . . . D9 . C#7+9 . C . Bb\ B\ C\***

. . . **C7 . . . F . . . C . . . D7 . . .** | . . . **G7 . . . C . . . D7 . G7 . C . Bb\ B\ C\***  
 Pu-pu-e I ho au i me-ha na Ho-ne a-na 'o ue-sei ku'u po - li  
 . . . **C7 . . . F . . . C . . . D7 . . .** | . . . **G7 . . . C . . . D7 . G7 . C . Bb\ B\ C\***  
 Pu-pu-e I ho au i me-ha na Ho-ne a-na 'o ue-sei ku'u po - li

. . . **C7 . . . F . . . C . . . D7 . . .** | . . . | **G7 . . . C . . . D7 . G7 . C . Bb\ B\ C\***  
 Me he a-la no e 'l mai a- na Au he-a ku' u lei rose la -ni?  
 . . . **C7 . . . F . . . C . . . D7 . . .** | . . . | **G7 . . . C . . . D7 . G7 . C . Bb\ B\ C\***  
 Me he a-la no e 'l mai a- na Au he-a ku' u lei rose la -ni?

. . . **C7 . . . | F . . . C . . . D7 . . .** | . . . | **G7 . . . C . . . D7 . G7 . C . Bb\ B\ C\***  
 Ma-la-hi-ni 'o e ma-la-hi-ni a u ma ka i-hu kau-a, ka-ma 'ai- na,  
 . . . **C7 . . . | F . . . C . . . D7 . . .** | . . . | **G7 . . . C . . . D7 . G7 . C . Bb\ B\ C\***  
 Ma-la-hi-ni 'o e ma-la-hi-ni a u ma ka i-hu kau-a, ka-ma 'ai- na,

**C\ . C7\ . F . . . C . . . D7 . . .** | . . . | **G7 . . . C . . . D7 . G7 . C . Bb\ B\ C\***  
 I- na 'o you me a' u Kau po-no i ka no-ho pa- i pai- i  
**C\ . C7\ . F . . . C . . . D7 . . .** | . . . | **G7 . . . C . . . D7 . G7 . C . Bb\ B\ C\***  
 I- na 'o you me a' u Somebo-dy's sit-ting in my rock-ing chair- a

. . . **C7 . . . | F . . . C . . . D7 . . .** | . . . | **G7 . . . C . . . D7 . G7 . C . Bb\ B\ C\***  
 Ha 'in-a 'l a mai ka pu-a- na Ho-ne a-na 'o ue-sei ku'u po - li  
 . . . **C7 . . . | F . . . C . . . D7 . . .** | . . . | **G7 . . . C . . .**  
 Ha 'in-a 'l a mai ka pu-a- na Ho-ne a-na 'o ue-sei ku'u po - li

**G7 . . . C . . . G7 . . . C\ Bb\ B\ C\**  
 ku' u po- li , ku' u po- li,

I crouched down to keep warm  
 the thought of my sweetie pressed to my bosom

She seemed to be saying to me  
 Where is my wreath of red roses?

You are a stranger, I am a stranger, too  
 But when we kiss each other, we are friends

If you were here with me  
 We would rock together on a rocking chair

This is the end of my song  
 The thought of my sweetie pressed to my bosom